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sackage to indicate contents or sender. Address DR. JAMES, No. 204Washington St., Chicago, III.

#### EPITHELIOMA!

OR SKIN CANCER.

For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Spelific and I determined to make an effort to secure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflamation was allayed and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and able to do any kind of work. The caucer on my face began to decrease and the uler to beel, until there is not a vestige of it left—only a little sear marks the place.

Atlanta, Ga., August II, 185.

I have had a caucer, on my face for some

I have had a cancer, on my face for some years, extending from one check bone across the nose to the other. It has given me a great deal of pain, at times burning and itching to such an extent that it was almost unbearable. I commenced using Swift's Specific in May, 1885, and have used eight bottles. It has given the greatest relief by removing the infamation and

Knoxville, Iowa, Sept 8, 1885 Trentise on blood and skin diseases mailed The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3 Atlanta, Ga N. Y., 157 W., 23d street.

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A regular graduate of two Medical Colleges, has been longer
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and libeous Disasans than any other Physician in St. Louis,
as city pepers show and sti old readent know.

Nervous Prostration, Debility, Mental and
Physical Weakness; Mercurial and other Affections of Throat, Skin or Bones, Blood Poisoning,
old Sores and Ulcers, are treated with onparalleled
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MARRIAGE GUIDE,



#### DR. HAIR'S Asthma Cure.

This invaluable specific readily and perma-cently cures all kinds of Asthma. The most distinate and long standing cases yield prompt-to its wonderful curing properties. It is its wonderful curing properties. It is on throughout the world for its unrivaled known throughout the world for its unrivaled efficacy.

J. I. CALDWELL, city of Lincoln, Neb., writes, Jam. 25, 1881: Since using Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, for more than one year, my wife has been entirely well, and not even a symptom of the disease has appeared.

WILLIAM HENNETT, Richland, Iowa, writes, Nov. id, 1881: I have been afflicted with Hay Fever and Asthma since 1809. I followed your directions and am happy to say that I nover slept better in my, life. I am plad that I am smeag the many who can speak so favorably of your remedies.

A valuable & page treatise containing similar proof from every state in the U. S., Canada and Great Britain, will be mailed upon application Any druggist not having it in stock will procure it.

#### A Clear Skin

is only a part of beauty but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

#### SHOT DOWN BY A PLUCKY GIRL

A Story of the Wild Days when Oregon was Young.

A Mysterious Murder Avenged by the Sweetheart of the Murdered Man -A Wilderness Tragedy.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a well-tanned face and full black beard. His clothing was of heavy material and far from fashionable in its cut, and his hat was of black felt with a brim nearly a foot wide. To a New York Mail and Express reporter who had on opportunity of meeting him, he looked as if he could tell a good story. It was found that he could. When asked for some of his experiences (having been given an easy-chair and a cigar as a partial in-ducement) he said: "Well, my boy, Tve got half an hour to spare and I don't mind. I've brought the old woman and the boys east to take a look at things, and have been around getting a little something for Christmas. You want something with a little romance in it, I suppose. Well, I can give it to you. Not many years ago I was sheriff of a county in Oregon. You need not look so surprised. I didn't come from there on this trip. I've moved further east. The town in which I had my headquarters. own in which I had my headquarters was on the edge of a river, about a quarer of a mile wide, on the opposite side of which was a good sized tract of wooded land that was known as Shaw's island. But it was more than ordinary woodland. It was a regular wilderness, and a man who did not know much about it would get lost there in double-quick time. But it was full of firstelass game, and so the boys who were handy with a gun often went across to the island, hunting, risk-ing their chances of getting lost for the sake of what they could capture in the

Inhabited? No, nor never had been except by one man. His name was Parks; and he is the chap I am going to tell you about. He was a tough custo-mer—an escaped convict, we were inclined to believe—and he lived alone far in the interior of the island in a but or shanty which he put up. Now and then he would show himself at the village, but whenever he did he would act in such a whenever he did he would act in such a dog-faced way, and was so slouchy in his appearance that no one cared to go near him or have anything to do with him more than could be helped. He was about 50 years old and had a hard-looking face. He let his hair and beard grow long. He always carried a long, bright rifle and was known to be a crack shot. Well, one day Jimmy Barker, a young fellow who was a great favorite in the village and soon to be married to one of the prettiest and plackiest little girls 1 ever saw, started over to the island for a ever saw, started over to the island for a hunt. He left word that he would be back the next day, or the day after at the farthest. But three days went by, than another and another, until a week passed and he had not turned up. Then we all got alarmed. Jimmy's sweetheart was nearly frantic. The only thing to do was to set out on a search for the boy. Inside of eventy-four hours we had a party started. But I tell you we had the biggest kind of a time keeping Jimmy's girl from taking a hand with us in scouring those woods. Of course we wouldn't let her, for it would have been no work for her tender hands. But I'll never forget to my dying day how she came up to me just before we started and

said:
"'Po let me go, sheriff. You know I can handle a gun, and it old Parks has harmed Jimmy I wouldn't be afraid to shoot him dead!

"Strange, wasn't it, that suspicion from the first fell upon old Parks! But it did, and it was a lucky thing for the old fellow that he kept clear of the town just at that time. But we started without the girl and se arched the woods thoroughly for two days without even finding a trace of Jimmy. Then we made up our minds to give siege to Parks shanty. He had acted suspicious when he knocked at his door, and had refused to let us in. In order to have no mistake about it 1 came back to the village and swore out a warant for Parks' arrest on the ground that ie was a suspicious character. Everybody wanted to know what luck we had, and I had to tell them. Of course Jimmy's girl was one of the first to hear of our poor luck, and as soon as she heard of it there was no such thing as keeping her back. She did not plead to go with us this time nor carry on at all, but with her pretty face set and determined she ame to me and said that she was going to the island with us, and would not take no for an answer. It wasn't in me to re fuse her, for I could see that unless some thing was done for the poor girl she would go mad. She had clearly made up her mind that Parks had murdered Jimmy, and now she was in for revenge. And I tell you she looked it as she came up to my side and said in a firm voice:

Now, sheriff, I'm ready. "She was rigged out for the woods, wearing a loose filting dress of dark blue. Her trim figure looked well in it, and Her trim figure looked well in it, and stood as erect as a soldier's. She was about 19 years old, well developed, strong and healthy. She insisted upon taking her rifle, a light weapon which had been a favorite with her a long time, and one which Jimmy had given her as a present. In getting to the neighborhood of Parks' shanty, where I had left my men to keep watch. I made the work as light for her watch, I made the work as light for her as I could, but she stood it well, and didn't seem at all used up when we got there, although it took half a day of solid tramping. Then we hid ourselves in the woods all around the shanty and prepared to wait for Parks' appearance. Not until an hour before night did we get any show of him. Then the door of the sharty was opened cautiously and Parks stuck his head out. We could see his rifle in his hand. It was a trying moment, I can tell you. The girl and I were nearest the sharty, and the instant she saw him she levelled her rifle, and would have shot him down that moment had I have shot him down that moment had I not grasped her arm so tightly that it stopped her. My grip must have hurt her, for she winced under it, but it had to be done, for there was no excuse so far for murdering the old fellow in cold

"After looking about for a moment Parks returned to the inside of the shanty evidently satisfied that nobody was about. In a few minutes he appeared again, and, as I live, he was dragging Jimmie Barker's dead body after him! The girl, the instant she saw this, gave a wild shrick and fainted dead away. Parks dropped the body as quick as a flash, and sprang back into the shanty. There was no need of further conceal-There was no need of further concealment after that, of course. The first thing we did was to restore the girl. This we did, in the meantime getting possession of Barker's body, which had an ugly bullet hole in the head. Naturally enough, we expected that as soon as the girl came to she would give way to her grief and make a good deal of a time. But she didn't. She did not say a word, but just picked up that gun of hers, pointed it deliberately at the shanty and lired. This she did three or four times, and we did not stop her, for every one of us felt lid not stop her, for every one of us after what we had seen that she had a perfect right. No man could stand this long, and pretty soon we saw the muzzle of a gun pointed through the boards of the shany. There was a flash and a report, and Wilbur Wilson, one of my best men, who had thoughtlessly exposed him-

self, dropped dead. "This was worse than we had bar-gained for, although we knew all along that we had to deal with a desperate character. There was nothing to do now

but to burn out, the murderer. The shan-ty was of old dry wood, and around it was a lot of dry leaves and twigs. Light-ing a small bundle of hay which we had brought with us, having fetched it with the idea that it might come handy for this very purpose, we threw it as closely as we could to the shanty. In two sec-onds it seemed the leaves were all ablaze, and it was clear that the shanty would have to go and that very quickly. ablaze, and it was clear that the shanty would have to go and that very quickly. Every gun was leveled at the burning building, for we knew that it wouldn't be long to fore things became too hot for Parks. But he stood it well, and not only till his roof was shooting up into the air in flames did we see him. Then with a i flames did we see him. Then with a ild, defiant yell he burst through the purning boards, and for a second stood half-dazed in front of the lire. Crack, crack, went our rilles, one after the other. But the first shot did the work, and it was from the rille in the hands of the plucky girl at my side. Quick as a flash she had fired, and the bullet from the rifle that her lover gave her went through the heart of that lover's mur-

We did our best to find out why Parks had killed Barker, but were for a long time in the dark. But after the excitement had all passed away and the girl bad recovered from the effects of that trying time it came out that Parks had more than once been seen prowling around the girl's home, evidently on the lookout for her. From this it was believed that he knew that Jimmy Barker was her lover, and that he had shot him while in the woods purposely to get him out of the way. The girl was never the same after that day, the loss of her lover just crushed her. Not long after she and her folks went east to live, and I've never heard of them since.

#### A TELEGRAM A RARITY.

The Excitement Brought About by a Nice Young Man's Message.

A very nice young man, says the Baltimore American, spent most of the hot days of last August at a wind-swept retreat in the Atlantic Highlands of New Jersey. Atlantic Highlands, after the sunfmer has gone away, is a tired little village of 500 souls. Nobody ever comes there and nobody ever goes away during the winter months. The village goes to sleep as soon as the leaves begin to turn, and hibernates until the sea at the foot of its cliffs becomes warm enough to bathe in. Then the summer loiterers pour in again and buckboards and village carts enliven the place with a kind of Coney island jollity.

This nice young man, when he was there last summer, met one of the rustic beauties of the place. He came back to his work in the city, but the witchery of her brown ever grown with him. He her brown eyes came with him. He wrote, and she asked him to call during the winter. So yesterday he sent a tele-gram telling her he would call during

It was the telegram that caused the trouble. The village was unaccustomed to telegrams. It startled the community. It was too much for the nerves of that quiet place. Somehow—nobody ever will know just how—fifteen minutes after the message clicked into the office every person in town knew that young Blake was coming to see Miss Trevette. Every young lady of the town made up her mind to catch a glimpse of this rash young man who sent telegrams, and every man determined to be there to see that everything went smoothly.

Now, this nice young man was a mod-est young man. It was with some mis-giving that he drove over the hills to the Highlands. And when he did get there he determined to sneak quietly to the home of his friend. That was his programme. He knew there were only 500 people in the village, and he thought no one would know except the girl with the brown eves.

The carriage drew up in the main street of Highlands. The nice young man got out in the middle of a great crowd. There were 499 villagers gathered to re-ceive him. She was the only one that remained at home. The entire village look ed on while he paid the driver \$3 for the trip from Red Bank. Then he asked the way to her house, and marched up to the home of the brown-eyed beauty at the head of a procession of 499 interested individuals determined to have fun at any She saw the procession coming up the hill and sent word that she was not at So, like the king of France, he marched down the hill again. He will not go to Highlands next summer.

#### Anna Dickinson in Need.

The Chicago News' correspondent writing from New York says: Anna Dickinson is in need. I don't say that she is wretchedly poor, but she soon will be, untess her friends come speedily to her relief. The other day a member of the Sorosis society said to me: "Our tolks are thinking of getting up a benefit for Anna Dickinson; she's poor now, you know." But I dikn't know it. "Oh, yes," continued the dear little sister, "Anna is in need of ready money, and she is so proud, you know, that the task of meeting her necessities without giving offense is something more than delicate." Anna Dickinson never learned the value of a dollar and never seemed to think that the proverbial penny would come to her, but it has. People with memories long enough to reach back to the Lincoln-McClellan campaign of 1864 will bear witness to the fact that Anna Dickinson did more for the safety of the union with her tongue than an army corps could have done with rifles. Perpaps the democratic party will question this statement, but there are certainly enough republicans left who will join in the opinion that Anna Dickinson should be enjoying a war pension to this very

Queer Books in a German Library. One of the most curiously original colection of books in any library is said to be a botanical collection at Warsenstein. in Germany. At first sight the volumes appear like rough blocks of wood; but on closer examination it is found that each is a complete history of the particular which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space large enough to admit the scientific and the common name of the tree as a title. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book one finds the fruit, seeds, leaves and other products of the tree, the mass which usually grows upon its trunk, and the in-sects which feed upon the various parts of the tree. To all this is added a well printed descriptio nof the habits, usual

focation and manner of growth of the

Wants an Emblem. Wall Street News: Uncle Abraham, over on Chatham street, was speaking to an acquaintance the other day about putting some sort of emblem over the door of his store. "I'd put a bee-hive," suggested the

man. Vot does dot pee-hife shtand for? "For industry."
"Oa, dot vhas all nonsense. Dot doan show peoples dot I sell a \$14 suit for \$8."

I know, but the bee is a worker. "Yes, but dot doan' do. Eaferybody whas a worker. Industry whas all right, but if somebody comes back mit a pair of pants dot shrink oop eighteen inches, dot pee-hive doan' explain dot dis whas a singular climate on pants."

#### A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

An Old Rocky Mountaineer Tells of a Most Wonderful Escape.

A Party of Prospectors Entombed Four Months by a Snow Slide-Novel Means by Which They Managed to Pall Through.

A party of miners who are spending the winter in Denver were in the Arcade last night, says the Denver News of a recent date, discussing the general topics of the day, the weather forming the principal theme. Lige Hopper, a 50er, remembered an incident in his career as stage driver, trapper and prospector that he wanted to relate. Lige's imagination s as strong as his muscle, and he has more than his average share of the latter After he and his companions had imbibed at his expense, and he had taken a chew of tabacco, he commenced:

"Twelve years this coming July Jim Green, Si Jordan, Bill Brothers, Chris-Gritzmacher and myself concluded to go down in the Gunnison country on a prospecting tour. We had rounded up in Pueblo. Some of 'em had been to Mexico and all of us had been somewhere. None ofus was broke, and we found by goin' in cahoots we could git quite a respectable outfit, and we outfitted.

"I was long to distense the latter end of July, if I don't distense ber, that we struck the forks of Slate river and Poverty gulch, where Crested Butte now is, and pitched our camp. We prospected them two gulches all summer, and dug many a hole in the ground without striking anything we thought was worth while goin crazy over, before snow begun to fly. Along in October we had a tech of a blizzard, which drove us into winter quarters. We didn't want to take the back trail, for we was satisfied thar was

plenty of ore in that country

IF WE COULD ONLY STRIKE IT. "We calculated on an early spring, and as we had plenty of grub we concluded to stick the winter out. We went down Poverty gulch about six miles and found a place where by driving a shaft that the control of the proposition of the control of the about forty feet in a roundabout way we could come out right in the center of four big pillars of rock that formed a native chimbly.

"It wasn't very hard work to drift in. You see we didn't have to go through any rock. Nater had build the house for us. Two big pieces of flat rock had fallen from the top of the mountain and ead struck edgeways about twenty feet apart, making a natural hallway; then two other big pieces of rock had fallen flatwise on the other two pieces making a nat'ral roof. In the course of time dirt had washed down and drifted in, filling up the room, and all we had to do was to shovel out the dirt, which we did in a few days. We then got our things together, and moved 'enrito our new quarters.

"The next month was spent by some of us in getting in firewood and by the others in hunting. We got in a terrible lot of wood, and the boys killed any amount of bear, mountain sheep, elk and deer. The snow was pretty deep before we got The snow was pretty deep before we got everything fixed, but we all had snow shoes, and traveled around the country for a month longer, picking up stray game occasionally, and amusing ourselves as best wit could.

"On the first of January thar come up a dreadful snow storm that lasted for three days. Our dugout was on the side of the gulch, about hifty feet from the bottom, and when it stopped snowing the

tom, and when it stopped snowing the floor of our dugout was just on a level with the snow clear across the gulch, Well, we didn't venture out on our snow shoes for several days, waitin for the snow to kinder setttle, but in a few days we was going up and down the gulch as IF WE WAS ON SOLID GROUND.

"The night of January 10th, while we was playin' freeze out, along about mid-night we heard the infernalist rumblin' howlin' you ever heard. It lasted for about ten minutes, then everything was Some of boys said it was an earthquake, and some that it was a snow slide, out none of us seemed to care particular what it was, for in a short time we was all rolled up in our blankets asleep. About 6 o'clock in the morning, as I saw by my watch, I waked up with a hell of a headache. The air was close and warm, The other boys was awake and we began to investigate what the matter was. We went to the door of the dugout, pulled

the blankets aside and saw a solid mass of snow blocking up the door. "A snow slide had caught us and we were worse caged than rats. The air all the time kept gittin' fouler and fouler, and we kept getting weaker. We saw something had to be done. We first thought about gettin' our shovels and tryin' to dig out, but we concluded that thar wasn't air enough in the snow to last us till we could get to more air, and we was about ready to give up and crawl off in some corner and die when Chris, the Dutchman, said the chimbly wasn't stopped for the smoke was going up, and as long as the smoke went up the cold air could'nt come down, and what we must do at once was to put out the

"We caught at the hint and went to work with a will as weak as we was, and soon had all the fire in the fireplace out by throwing snow on it. It was a close call, and we were all layin on our faces near the fireplace when the last bit of steam went up the chimbly, half dead, waitin' for the cold air to come in. It come gradually, but it come. We was all so revived that we actually hugged and bised Chris for half an last. and kissed Chris for half an hour. By night the old place was as fresh as a daisy, but a little chilly, but we DIDN'T DARE BUILD A FIRE.

"We slept all night that night and the next morning Jim Green and I concluded to investigate, by crawling up the chimbly, as our old preacher used to say, 'view the landscape o'er.' We sat up all night and saw that the snow slide had just missed the chinhly which was about sixty feet high and for that reason we was indebted for our lives. We saw that it would be useless to attempt to dig out, for we would have to go through about sixty feet of snow to reacy the surface, and that if we did get a hole through, it would be impossible to keep it open. We didn't dare build a tire, for if we did and built a big one, enough to warm our sleeping room, it would take so long to warm it that the air would get foul and kill as before we rightly cool it off again, and if we didn't build any tire we would freeze to death.

That wan't hay use trying to escape by the chimbly, for we had no place to go and if we had a place would freeze be-fore we got there. We was terrible blue when we went back and reported the out-look to the boys. Some of 'em was for givin' up, writin' our wills describin' our sad fates an' givin' them to future generations, but Chris, the Dutchman, was a different man from us. Chris had a good education and knowed a good deal. He said he didn't propose to die, and didn't propose to see us die. He was goin' to stay there till the snow melted an' then

was goln' to prospectin' again.
"None of us joked with Chris. We all knowed he had a plan an' waited for him to tell it. He said that all we needed to do was to build an air chamber an' we would have plenty of air, an' as soon he had explained his plans we had to hug an' kiss him again. Chris' plan was

To DIG A BIG ROOM
in the snow at the entrance of the dug
out, wait till we got it full of air, then
close it up all but a small hole, build a
tire and let the air from the air chamber

rush in while the foul air went up the

Followin' Chris' directions we soo had a tunnel about ten feet wide by twenty high and fifty feet long. Then we took and throwed water all over the we took and throwest water all over the sides and top of the tunnel, where it froze so none of the air could escape through the snow. Then we made a snow door when the room was finished and full of air, and stuck it between the dugout and the tunnel, built up a rousing fire, punched a hole through the door, and went to

sleep.
"At the end of ten days we had to draw our fire and fill up the air chamber again, and that we kept up regularly for tour months before a thaw come and washed us out. We had such a narrow escape that we didn't stay in Poverty gulch when we got out, but left the derned place, and I haint been there

Ligo spit out his chew of tobacco and sidled towards the bar as if to hint that his story was at that end. "Lige," said one of his friends, "why don't you have that story writ up?" "Writ up? why, they'd say it was a lie, and anybody that knows me knows that I sin't in the habit of lyin'."

#### TEE LIVELY BRONCHO.

Disporting Himself on a Street-Car Line in St. Louis.

This road, the Jefferson avenue and the Benton-Bellefontaine, says a Union line car-driver in the St. Louis Globe Demo erat, is now using broncho mules from Texas that are bought by the lot at about \$45 a team, and can outlive, outwork and outkiek anything that ever stood on hoofs. We have been using them now for more than a year and the horses are gradually giving way to them. They come from the neighborhood of El Paso, Tex., and are the hardiest and meanest

nnimals that human nature has yet had to tackle. They are so absolutely mean that they won't let you tire them out; when they think you are working them too much they play lazy and won't move, but if anybody goes anywhere near them, even in their apparently exhausted state, they would kick a hole through him that you could fit a stove pipe into. Some of them are so very small that they cannot e worked in the cars, and I remember the first lot we got there were six midgets that we had to sell to the coal companies. I often wondered if the miners didn't have a terrible old time getting those six broncho mules down a shaft. After they secome acclimated broncho mules make excellent street-railway stock. They can make three trips a day where horses make two, and often if they are intractable they are run out for trips in succession. When they get accusiomed to the track nothing can get them out of it; they go along with their noses to the ground like pointer dogs, and if it weren't for the stops could trip it without a driver. If no set to the ground are run a driver. a driver. If one of them is erippled, or anything serious happens, all that is necessary is to turn the animal loose be-tween the tracks, and he goes right back to the stables. There is no trouble taking care of them, because they won't be ta-ken care of. They won't allow anybody to clean them. All that can be done is to rub off their backs. If you try to touch their legs they let fly, and then look out for the pieces. They tried to shoe them at the stables, but couldn't manage more than one or two a day, and after one had broke his neck kicking and another broke a leg, they were all turned over to Ed. Butler, who throws them down and hobbles them while shoeing. After one is shod and allowed to get on his feet the shop must be cleared to make room for the lightning that eminates from the mule's heels.

#### A MASTER SAFE-BREAKER.

The Windows Cloaked by Pouring Water Upon Qucklime.

A Norwich, Conn., correspondent writes of the young burglar, Williams of Bridgeport, who is now in New London jail. "Give him twenty minutes alone ith a safe," says Sheriff Hawkins, Williams can open the most intricate lock that ever was devised; and if you will tell him merely the name of the safe-maker, he will tell you instantly all the parts in the lock, and give you a diagram of its mechanism. He never breaks a lock; he simply finds out inside of twenty minutes the combination in which it sits opens the safe and takes out what he wants and relocks it, and when the own er returns he finds the sate apparently just as he left it. To accomplish his work Williams needs, in addition to his quick wit and mechanical knowledge, three ordinary wires, which he forces in-to the lock about the handle in such a way that the number of the combination is reduced to twenty-four. He reasons that all persons in locking a safe make a certain number of moyes, and a knowledge of this fact enables him to further reduce its probable combinations to two or three movements. These two or three moves he finds out by actual trial, which consumes the greater part of his twenty minutes. In the case when the safe is in an apartment that is in full view of the street, he drops a little quicklime on the floor, pours water on it, and the steam that arises effectually cloaks the win-In three instances Williams unlocked safes, abstracted the contents, re locked them, and made off in the time that the men who were in charge of them were at their dinners: He got them were at their dinners: He got away with the valuables in a Stratford

safe in this way.' 'A Captious Judge. Detroit Free Press: A resident of the state of Michigan having murdered a whole family and been convicted by due process of law and sentenced to impris onment for twenty-five years, thus ap-

pealed to the court:
"Your bonor, I was in jail one year pending this conviction. should be taken from my sentence, The judge agreed to this, and the pris-"I planned this crime sixteen years

Justice demands that my term be shortened that much." This was also agreed to, and the pris-

This only leaves me eight years to

erve, and as I can gain a year and a half on this, and as my friends are sure to move for a pardon, it would seem foolish to go to the expense and trouble of sending me to Jackson. Therefore the judge became indig-nant, and not only refused to abute the original sentence, but stated that he would not put his name to the petition for pardon While a murderer seems to have more rights than an innocent man, he should

exercise judgment and moderation in the PILES: PILES: A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itchin and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams, (an Indian remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment. A single

Williams Indian Pile Olutment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. Williams Indiau Pile Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at hight after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, rives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of private parts, and for nothing else.

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THE HOUSEHOLD FAIRY.

As Busy as a Bee Evolving Pretty

Conceits For the Home. A pretty and endurable substitute for blankets, considered by some superior to them, on account of their light weight, are being made this winter by the handy housekeeper. One is made out of twelve yards of muslin and about six yards of nice thick cotton for padding. Of course the comforter must be stretched on a quilter and the ends nicely fastened. It s quilted by tying with worsted or nar row bits of ribbon every four inches, and the edge is finished by crocheting with worsted the same color. These quilts are very warm and ornamental.

Old umbrella covers of silk should be saved, and will be found very useful for dress facings and patching. The silk is generally durable and does not cut easily Ornamental bits of pottery are made out of earthenware, prettily painted. Those painted entirely yellow or blue, and tied with a large bow of ribbon, are

A solution of borax and water will remove most of the spots and discolorations from a cloth dress. It should be applied with an old tooth or nail brush, which is used as a scrubber, and ther brushed with a dry piece of cloth.

The bits of reast fowl left from dinner may be made into a very savory dish for luncheon. The meat should be removed from the bones and chopped to a mince then seasoned with salt. Twice as much nice mashed potatoes should be put with it, and the whole formed into little round balls and fried brown in butter. Send to

A little fine soap should be shaved into warm water and made into a lather for washing the laces. The taces should be rubbed between the hands, and instead of wringing should be pressed, then laid between flauncl and ironed.

the table hot with a few sprigs of parsley

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Stamp Collectors. There are 35,000 stamp collectors in New York, and the number is constantly nereasing. They call themselves philatelists—a word not found in any but the newest editions of the dictionaries. most valuable stamp known is one that was issued by the postmaster at Brattleooro, Vt., in 1847, and was only in circulation for a few months. It is now worth

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IN PRICE.
THE HORRORS OF BREAKING-IN ARE AVOIDED: THEY ARE COMFORTABLE WE MAKE IS SIZES! IN 14 WIDTHS!

Look for our Name on the Soles. J. & T. COUSINS, NEW YORK.

#### Railway Time Table

OMAHA. The following is the time of arrival and departure of trains by Central Standard time at the local depots. Trains of the C., St. P., M. & O. arrive and depart from their denot, corner of 14th and Webster streets; trains on the B. & M., C., B. & Q., and K. C., St. J. & C. B. from the B. & M. depot; all others from the Union Pacific depot.

BRIDGE TRAINS.

Bridge trains will leave 1 , P. depot at 6:3537:35-8:00-8:40-8:50-11:00-11:0 a. m., 1:00
-1:20-1:50-11:2:00-3:00-3:00-5:30-6:35-10-7:00-11:10 p. m. Leave transfer for Omaha a 7:12-15 8:15-9:30 9:42-9 10:35-10:37-11:37 a. m.: 1:3, 2:13-12:37 3:30-3:37-4:37-5:45-6:35-7:20-7:59-

11:52 p. m. CONNECTING LINES. Arrival and departure of trains from the transfer depot at Council Bluffs: DEPART. CHICYGO & NORTHWESTERN. ARRIVE. 7:00 P. M CHICAGO & ROCK ISLAND. 9:15 A.M. Mail and Express. 7:15 A.M. Accommodation. 5:20 P.M. Express.

7:15 A. M. Accommodation 5:30 P. M.
5:30 P. M. Express 9:15 A. M.
9:10 A. M. Mail and Express 7:00 P. M.
5:30 P. M. Express 9:15 A. M.
5:30 P. M. Mail and Express 9:15 A. M.
6:30 P. M. Express 9:15 A. M.
6:30 P. M. Express 9:15 A. M.
WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC.
2:15 P. M. Local St. Louis Express Local 6:00 P. M. Transfer St. Louis Express Local 8:00 P. M. Transfer St. Louis Express Local 6:00 P. M. Transfer St. Louis Express 5:00 A. M.
MANNAS CITY, ST. JOE & COUNCIL BRUFFS.
2:15 A. M. Mail and Express 7:35 P. M.
3:00 P. M. Express 7:35 P. M.
3:00 P. M. Express 9:35 A. M.
BERNESS P. M. St. Paul Express 9:35 A. M.
Depart, WESTWARD Arrivo Arrivo 1:20 M. M. P. M.
1:20n Mail and Express 7:50a 1:10:40a Depart 1:20n Mail and Express 2:10a
8:10a Mail and Express 2:10a
8:10a Mail and Express 6:3a 6:3a 6:00a Night Express 10:404
Depart, SOUTHWARD Arrivo A. M. P. M.
BERNESS 10:40 Mail and Express 6:3a 6:3a Mail and Express 10:404 A. M. P. M. MISSOURI PACIFIC. Arrive 10:33a Day Express.

8:45b Nucht Express.

K.C. St. J. & C. B.
Vin Plattsmouth 6:35a | Depart | EASTWARD | Arrivo | A.M. | P. M. | F. M. | 5.50 | Via Plattsmouth | 5.20 | N.M. | P. M. | STOCK YARDS TRAINS | Will leave U. P. depoit Omain, at 6:40-8:35-10:45-10:45-10:55 a. | 2.40-3:50-3:25 p. in. | Leave Stock Yards for Omain at 7:55-10:25 a. | m.; 12:91-1:29-4:40-5:07-6:29 p. m. | NOTE - A trains daily; B, daily except Sunday; C, daily except Saturday; D, daily except Monday.

hood, &c. having tried in valuevery known ret addy has discovered a simple self-cure, which he wildsend FREE to his fellows-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chathem-street, New York City.



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